

There is the same daily routine for the dogs as in the winter. We let them loose in the morning about half-past eight, and as the time for their release draws near they begin to get very impatient. Every time any one shows himself on deck a wild chorus of howls issues from twenty-six throats, clamoring for food and freedom.

After being let loose they get their breakfast, consisting of half a dried fish or three biscuits apiece. The rest of the forenoon is spent in rooting round among all the refuse heaps they can find; and they gnaw and lick all the empty tin cases which they have ransacked hundreds of times before. If the cook sends a fresh tin dancing along the ice a battle immediately rages around the prize. It often happens that one or another of them, trying to get at a tempting piece of fat at the bottom of a deep, narrow tin, sticks his head so far down into it that the tin sits fast, and he cannot release himself again; so with this extinguisher on his head he sprawls about blindly over the ice, indulging in the most wonderful antics in the effort to get rid of it, to the great amusement of us the spectators. When tired of their work at the rubbish heaps they stretch out their round, sausage-like bodies, panting in the sun, if there is any, and if it is too warm they get into the shade. They are tied up again before dinner; but "Pan," and others like-minded, sneak away a little before that time, and hide up behind a hummock, so that one can only see a head or an ear sticking up here and there. Should any one go to fetch him in he